

Sketch

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Prisoner

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Prisoner

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Abstract

I see thee in the pool And in the looking glass. I see thee, silly fool, In every shop I pass...

went after the Indians. One bright morning he rode casually into Macy, calmly shot four Indians, and just as casually trotted out again, while the terrified natives fled screaming. Years passed, but the sharp eye of Meyer Torgeson never lost its cunning. Week after week, the crafty old white-haired man went for a ride, and week after week, a death or two was added to the mounting list.

Then, suddenly, the deaths stopped. When a month went by, and no one had seen Meyer, an old farmer went up to his cabin to see where he was. Alone and cold, Meyer Torgeson had died of pneumonia.

A huge procession followed Meyer Torgeson's body to its grave in a rocky bluff overlooking the broad Missouri. The Indians of Northeast Nebraska sent up a special dance of thanks to the Great Spirit. The old homesteaders shook their heads sadly. "He was a good man," they all said.

No one ever knew how many Indians Meyer Torgeson killed. Some say two hundred fell before his rifle, others say three hundred, and still others three hundred fifty. At any rate, he did not revenge his family a hundredfold, as he had sworn. And, so it is said, in the waning of the moon, Meyer Torgeson may be seen trotting along atop a big bay horse, with a black stetson shadowing his face, and a rifle slung across his lap. Now and then he stops to ask some traveler at night if he has seen any Indians along the road.

—*Ervin Krause, Sci. So.*



Prisoner

I see thee in the pool
And in the looking glass.
I see thee, silly fool,
In every shop I pass.

I have a thing to say
To you, to thee, to thou,
Not for some other day
But I must say it now.

You, thee, thou, I command—
Thou, made of blood and bone—
When I bid, you stand—
You, thee, and I, alone.

You, thee, thou, machine,
Immobile bag of hide,
Must die and rot unseen,
And I am cooped inside.

—Tom Olsen, *Sci. Sr.*



The Rotting Apple

A rotting apple seldom causes trouble,
Yet when I saw this one in my path,
Beside the stream that runs through my father's orchard,
I stopped, and listened—
Though I don't know why.
As if the bacteria of its rot were speaking to each other,
And I bent closer to hear.
I heard one voice say, "Under here it's dark, and cool,
And the moist droplets house us and the moss grows near,
And comfortable,
And the ambers of our rotwork
Give all the color one could wish.
Here is the finest place
In all this rotten apple."

"Oh no." It was another voice,
"Though it's fine in dark and coolness,
Here we see the sky. We have the sun to warm us,
And make the apple's skin leathery and tough."